

THE
IMPERTINENT:

OR, A

VISIT

TO THE

COURT.

A

SATYR.

By Mr. P O P E.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. HILL, in White-Fryers, Fleet-street. MDCCXXXVII.

Price One Shilling.

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WELL, if it be my Time to quit the Stage, A
Adieu to all the Follies of the Age!
I die in Charity with Fool and Knave,
Secure of Happiness beyond the Grave.
I've had my *Purgatory* here betimes,
And paid for all my Satires, all my Rhimes:
The Poet's Hell, its Tortures, Fiends and Flames,
To this were Trifles, Toys, and empty Names.

With foolish *Pride* my Heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain Itch *t'admire*, or *be admir'd*;

I hop'd for no *Commission* from his Grace;
 I bought no *Benefice*, I begg'd no *Place*;
 Had no new *Verset*, or new *Suit* to show;
 Yet went to *Court*! — the Dev'l wou'd have it so.
 But, as the Fool, that in reforming Days
 Wou'd go to *Mafs* in jest, (as *Story* says)
 Could not but think, to pay his *Fine* was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd Design of serving God:
 Such was my Fate, whom Heav'n adjudg'd as *proud*,
 As prone to *Ill*, as negligent of *Good*,
 As deep in *Debt*, without a Thought to pay,
 As *vain*, as *idle*, and as *false*, as they
 Who live at *Court*, for going once that Way!

SCARCE WAS I enter'd, when behold! there came
 A Thing which *Adam* had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of *Reptiles* might embark;
 A verier Monster than on *Africk's* Shore
 The Sun e're got, or *limy* *Nile* bore,
 Or *Sloane*, or *Woolward's* wondrous Shelves contain;
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.

THIS Thing has *travell'd*, speaks each Language too,
 And knows what's fit for every State to do;

Of whose best Phrase and courtly Accent join'd,
 He forms one Tongue exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers, I've learn'd to bear; *M-t-t-n* I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, nay *Budgel* too:
 The Doctor's Wormwood Style, the Haff of Tongues,
 A Pedant makes; the Storm of *G-f-n's* Lungs,
 The whole Artillery of the Terms of War,
 And (all those Plagues in one) the bawling Bar;
 These I cou'd bear; but not a Rogue so civil,
 Whose Tongue can complement you to the Devil,
 A Tongue that can cheat Widows, cancel Scores,
 Make *Scots* speak Treason, cozen subtlest Whores,
 With Royal Favourites in Flatt'ry vie,
 And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

He spies me out. I whisper, gracious God!
 What Sin of mine cou'd merit such a Rod?
 That all the Shot of Dulness now must be
 From this, thy Blunderbuss discharg'd on me!
 Well met (he cries) and happy fure for each,
 For I am pleas'd to learn, and you to teach;
 What *Speech* esteem you most?--- "The King's, said I,
 But the best Words?-- "O Sir, the Dictionary.
 You miss my Aim; I mean the most acute
 And perfect *Speaker*?-- "On *flow*, past Dispute.
 ; ham and *B* are the Converts *A* has made; **But**

But, Sir, of Writers? — “*Swift*, for closer Style,
 “ And *Ho—ly* for a Period of a Mile.”
 Why yes, ’tis granted, these indeed may pass
 Good common Linguists, and so *Panurge* was;
 Nay, troth, th’ *Apastles*, (tho’ perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty Gift of Tongues enough.
 Yet these were all *poor Gentlemen*! I dare
 Affirm, ’twas *Travel* made them what they were.

Thus others Talents having nicely shown,
 He came by soft Transition to his own:
 “Till I cry’d out, you prove yourself so able,
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*:
 For had they found a Linguist half so good,
 I make no Question but the *Tow’r* had stood.

“ OBLIGING Sir! I love you, I profess,
 “ But with you, lik’d Retreat a little less;
 “ Spirits like you, believe me, shou’d be seen,
 “ And (like *Ulysses*) visit Courts, and Men.
 “ So much *alone*, to speak plain Truth between us,
 “ You’ll die of Spleen.” — Excuse me, *Nunquam minus*!
 But as for *Courts*, forgive me if I say,
 No Lessons now are taught the *Spartan* Way;
 Tho’ in his Pictures Lust be full display’d,
 Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made;

And

And tho' the Court shew *Vice* exceeding clear,
None shou'd, by my Advice, learn *Virtue* there.

At this, entranc'd he lifts his Hands and Eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd Lutestring; and replies:
" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly Things
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!
Then happy Man who shews the Tombs! said; I,
He dwells amidst the Royal Family;
He, ev'ry Day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk,
And get by speaking Truth of Monarchs dead,
What few can of the Living, *Ease* and *Bread*.
" Lord! Sir, a meer *Mechanick*! strangely low,
" And coarse of Phrase --- your *English* all are so.
" How elegant your *Frenchman*? --- Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the Fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely well! nay, let me dye,
" Your only wearing is your *Padua-joy*.
Not, Sir, my only --- I have better still,
And this, you see, is but my *Disfhabille* ---
Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object, at all he spoke.
But as coarse Iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And Itch most hurts, when anger'd to a Sore;

So

I felt

So when you Plague a Fool, 'tis still the Curse,
You only make the Matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; put on an easy Smile
At all my Peevishness, and chang'd his Style.
He asks, "What News? I tell him of new Plays,
New Euntuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears; and as a Still, with Simples in it,
Between each Drop it gives, stays half a Minute;
Loth to enrich me with too quick Replies,
By little, and by little, drops his Lies.
Meer Household Trash! of Birth-Nights, Balls and Shows,
More than ten Hollingshead's or Halls, or Stows,
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
A subtle Minister may make of that?
Who sins, with whom? who got his Pension Rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverfion by a Drug?
Whose Place is quarter'd out, three Parts in four;
And whether to a Bishop or a Whore?
Who, having lost his Credit, pawn'd his Rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government?
Who in the Secret, deals in Stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow, and the Poor?
Who makes a Trust, or Charity, a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?

Why

Why *Turnpikes* rose, and why no *Cit*, nor *Clown*
 Can *gratis* see the *Country*, or the *Town*?
 Shortly no *Lad* shall *chuck*, or *Lady* *vole*,
 But some excising *Courtier* will have *Toll*.
 He tells what *Strumpet* *Places* sells for *Life*,
 What *'Squire* his *Lands*, what *Citizen* his *Wife*?
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all)
 What *Lady's* *Face* is not a *whited* *Wall*?
 As one of *Woodward's* *Patients*, sick and sore,
 I puke, I nauseate---yet he thrusts in more;
 Shows *Poland's* *Interests*, takes the *Primate's* *Part*,
 And talks *Gazettes* and *Post-Boys* o'er by *Heart*.
 Like a big *Wife* at *Sight* of loathsome *Meat*,
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, I swear:
 Then as a *licenc'd* *Spy*, whom nothing can
 Silence, or hurt, he libels the *Great* *Man*;
 Swears every *Place* *entail'd* for *Years* to come,
 In *sure* *Succession* to the *Day* of *Doom*:
 He names the *Price* for ev'ry *Office* paid,
 And says our *Wars* thrive ill, because *delay'd*;
 Nay, hints, 'tis by *Connivance* of the *Court*,
 That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk's* still a *Port*.
 Not more *Amazement* seiz'd on *Circe's* *Guests*,
 To see themselves fall endlong into *Beasts*,
 Than mine, to find a *Subject* *staid* and *wise*,
 Already half turn'd *Traitor* by *Surprize*.

I felt th' Infection slide from him to me,
 As in the Pox, some give it, to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant *Statues* ope its Jaw!
 In that nice Moment, as another Lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the *Minister* came by.
 Away he flies. He bows and bows again;
 And close as *Umbra* joins the dirty Train.
 Not *Naso's* Self more impudently near,
 When half his Nose is in his Patron's Ear,
 I blest my Stars! but still afraid to see
 All the Court fill'd with stranger Things than he,
 Run out as fast, as one that pays his Bail,
 And dreads more Actions, hurries from a Jail.

BEAR me some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the Nurse of Sense:
 Here Contemplation prunes her ruffled Wings,
 And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings.
 Here still Reflection led on sober Thought,
 Which Fancy colour'd, and a Vision wrought.
 A *Vision* Hermits can to Hell transport,
 And bring ev'n me to see the Damn'd at Court.
 Not *Dante*, dreaming all th' Infernal State,
 Saw such a Scene of *Envy*, *Sin*, and *Hate*.

Base

Base Fear becomes the Guilty, not the Free;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me.
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful Town,
 Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a *noble Serving-Man*?
 O my fair Mistress *Truth*! Shall I quit thee,
 For huffing, braggart, puff *Nobility*?
 Thou, who since Yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle Blockheads of the Ball,
 Hast thou, O *Sun*! beheld an emptier Sort,
 Than such as swell this Bladder of a Court?
 Now Pox on those who shew a * *Court in Wax*!
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their Backs.
 Such painted Puppets, such a varnished Race
 Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dress and Face,
 Such waxen Noses, stately, staring Things,
 No Wonder some Folks bow and think them *Kings*.

AND NOW the *British* Youth, engag'd no more
 At *Fig's* or *White's*, with *Felons*, or a *Whore*,
 Pay there last Duty to the *Court* and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the *Drawing-Room*:
 Colours as gay, and Odours as divine,
 As the fair *Fields*, they fold, to look so fine.

And

“ That's

"That's *Velvet* for a King!" the Flatt'rer swears;
 'Tis true, for ten Days hence 'twill be *King Lear's*.
 Our Court may justly to our Stage give Rules,
 That helps it both to *Fool's Coats* and to *Fools*.
 And why not Players strut in Courtiers Cloaths?
 For these are Actors too, as well as those:
 Wants reach all States; they beg but better dress,
 And all is *splendid Poverty* at best.

PAINTED for Sight, and essenc'd for the Smell,
 Like Frigates fraught with Spice and Cochine'l,
 Sail in the *Ladies*: How each Pyrate eyes
 So weak a Vessel, and so rich a Prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her Trim,
 He boarding her, she striking Sail to him.
 "Chere Comtesse! you have Charms all Hearts to hit!"
 And "sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much Wit!"
 Such Wits and Beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the *Beauty* and the *Wit* are bought.

'Twou'd burst ev'n *Heraclitus* with the Spleen
 To see those Anticks, *Fopling* and *Courtin*:
 The *Presence* seems, with Things so richly odd,
 The Mosque of *Mahound*, or some queer *Pa-god*.
 See them survey their Limbs, by *Durer's Rules*,
 Of all Beau-kind the best proportion'd Fools!
 "That's
 Adjust

Adjust their Cloaths, and to Confession draw
 Each idle Atom, or erroneous Straw;
 What Terrors would distract each conscious Soul,
 Convicted of that mortal Sin, a Hole!
 Or should one Pound of Powder less bespread
 The Monkey-Tail that wags behind his Head.
 Thus finish'd and corrected to a Hair,
 They march, to prate their Hour before the Fair;
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
 With Band of Lilly, and with Cheek of Rose;
 Sweeter than *Sharon*, in immaculate Trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest;
 Prodigious! how the Things *Protest, Protest*:
 Peace, Fools! or *Gen-sh* will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

NATURE made ev'ry Fop to plague his Brother,
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
 But here's the *Cap'tain*, that will plague you both,
 Whose Air, cries, Arm! whose very Look's an Oath:
 What tho' his Soul be Bullet, Body Buff?
 Damn him, he's honest, Sir,---- and that's enuff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty Chest before,
 Like batt'ring Rams, beats open ev'ry Door;
 And with a Face as red, and as awry,
 As *Herod's* Hang-dogs in old Tapestry,

Scarecrow to Boys, the breeding Woman's Curse and
 Has yet a strange Ambition to look worse on
 Confounds the Civil, keeps the Rude in awe, That
 Jest like a licens'd Fool, commands like Law, gives
 Frighted, but quells the Room, but leave it for
 As Men from Jail to Execution go; list Monkey-Tail
 For hung with * *Deadly Sins* I see the Wall, thus finish'd
 And lin'd with Giants, deadlier than 'em all, they mark'd
 Each Man as if *Aspart*, of Strength to toss so first to
 For Quoins, both *Temple Bar* and *Charing-Cross* and
 Scar'd at the grizzly Forms, I sweat, I fly, next better than
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd Spy, Neatness itself
 Courts are no Match for Wits so weak as mine; I set but
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artillery, bold *Divine!* Prodigious
 From such alone the Great Rebukes endure, Peace, Food
 Whose *Satire's* *work'd*, and whose *Rage* *seems* If once he
 'Tis mine to wash a few slight Stains; but theirs
 To deluge in a down a Court in Tears. NATURE
 Howe'er, what's now *Apocryphal* in my Wit, just as one
 In Time *some may* *dis* *for* *His* *Writ* But here's the
 Whole Air, cries, Arm! who every Look's an Oath:

What tho' his Soul be Buller, Body Buff?

* The Room, hung with Tapestry, now very antient, representing the *Seven Deadly Sins*.

† A Giant famous in divers Romances.

He spits fore-right; his hanghty Chell before

Like battering Rams, beats open ev'ry Door;

And with a Face as red, and as awry,

As Herod's Hang-god in *Tapistry*

